

...the balloon is to be copied—indeed, I was in Vienna when Gen. Greely ordered this. The balloon of the past and of fancy is a handsome, gracefully formed affair, generally egg-shaped, though now and then spherical. But though it looked pretty it was not so useful, and looks have to play second fiddle when science asserts its power. Nearly all experiments in the air were made with captive balloons and the old-fashioned, round, egg-shaped balloons were

mean. The editor sent my beautiful and pathetic story back without reading it."

Fond Mother—"Dear me! How do you know?"

Ambitious Maiden—"I've looked all through every page, and there isn't a tear-drop anywhere."

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No Danger.

From Brooklyn Life.

Bingo—"Why don't you send the children up in the country to visit their grandmother?"

Mrs. Bingo—"Do you think it would be safe?"

Bingo—"Perfectly. She's too old to re-

"Is—a Mrs. Fitzsimmons in?"

"No, sir; she's not at home."

"Oh, pardon me. I just now saw her enter the house."

He Would Rather Be Shot.

From Tit-Bits.

The editor of a country newspaper always did his best to arouse the patriotism of his readers. One day a compositor came in from the composing room and planted himself before him.

"Well, sir," he said, "I have determined to enlist."

With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility the editor replied that, although sorry to part with such a good compositor, he was glad to see that he felt the true nationality.

"Oh, it isn't that," answered the compositor; "I'd rather be shot than try."

"Haven't you heard that?" he queried in astonishment. "It's from the latest comic opera... I mean, it's from *The Merry Widow*!"

"Toodley, toodley, up-i-dee!"

Jimmity, Jammity, Jingee! Riggity, jiggity, rummity-ho! Jimminy Hammy Hammy go!"

"I only remember the chorus, but I'm going to buy it and learn the whole thing by heart."

Suffering Humanity.

Frou Frou.

Barber (after shaving customer)—"Your hair is a little gray, sir—"

Customer (interrupting)—"I'm glad to hear that, because my hair has been gone through, I expected it would be snow-

Bingo—"Perfectly. She's too old to re-

"Is—a—Mrs. Fitzsimmons in?" .
 "No, sir; she's not at home."
 "Oh, pardon me. I just now saw her enter the house."

"Oh, it isn't that," answered the composer; "but I'd rather be shot than try

Sally—I mean Valerie—that is, Rosalie—and listen to me. Ah, Rosalie, think of the days when we were young. Look into your heart and ask if it has changed so much. If it is better that we should part.

Customer (interrupting)—"I'm glad to hear that! After the ordeal I have just gone through, I expected it would be snow-